



PROMETHEUS

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Vol. III Issue I

Greenfield Community College

September, 1964

Camaraderie

Two hundred and fifty students and faculty members attended the chicken barbecue sponsored by the G.C.C. Student Council. Students and faculty alike termed it an outstanding success.

The get-acquainted barbecue held at the Old Stone Lodge, Gill, on Sept. 15, got under way with the appearance of the widely acclaimed Beatles. Lenny "Paul" Desautels, Gary "John" Alden, Kenny "Ringo" Andrews, and Bob "George" Knightly arrived wielding beloved guitars and drums, borrowed amplifiers, and tangled extension cords. Once organized, they entertained appreciative students with six Beatle hits. At an impromptu press conference held between numbers, "Ringo" displayed the wit for which he is famous:

Questioner: "How did you come to Gill?"

Ringo: "In my car."

Following a brief intermission, a folksinging group took the spotlight. Dan LaRose, Nancy Reed, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Schneider combined talents to present "Banks of the Ohio" and "Lonesome Road Blues." Mr. Schneider distinguished himself with deft finger work on the banjo, while the others strummed expertly on guitars. Nancy sang three solos including her own interpretation of "Un Canadien Errant" (A Wandering Canadian). Dan contributed two blues, "Sinner Man" and "All My Trials." Mr. and Mrs. Schneider played several duets including "Old Joe Clark" and "Pallet on the Floor."

The aroma of barbecuing chicken and boiling corn-on-the-cob soon brought everyone to the picnic area. No epicurean could have enjoyed the "feed" more than students and faculty.

After lunch a spontaneous hootenanny developed on the grounds, along with a lively volleyball game, and several games of horseshoe pitching. Baseballs and footballs threatened to endanger the unwary.



Hootenanny at Chicken Barbecue — Nancy Reed and Christopher White strumming.
photo by Daniel Maguire

Such are the ways in which students and teachers come to see each other as — humans.

Student Nurses' Feted At Get-Acquainted Tea

First year nursing students and their parents were entertained at a get-acquainted tea on Sept. 13 in the G.C.C. auditorium. Second year nursing students, under the direction of Hazel Fancy (President of the Nursing Club), and Mrs. MacDonald, faculty advisor, planned and executed the tea with *savoir faire*.

The auditorium was transformed into an elegant tea room complete with an artistic flower arrangement and a buffet table set with silver tea and coffee services. The cookies and fancy sandwiches which further enhanced the table, proved to be delicious. Getting acquainted was made easier thanks to

the miniature nurses' caps which served as name tags for the new students.

Words of welcome were given by President Lewis O. Turner, Doris R. Franklin, Chairman of the Dept. of Nursing, and Hazel Fancy acting as hostess for the occasion.

First year nursing students are: Janet Abbott, Alana Anderson, Andrea Blanchard, Donna Bray, Nancy Cameron, Cynthia Carrington, Ann Clarke, Christine DeGregorio, Beverly Doneilo,

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WANTED

Students - - - - - Alive

Description

Thoughtful, expressive,
enthusiastic, artistic, ambitious.

Rewards

Stimulation, friendship, service.

Please forward information concerning their whereabouts to G.C.C. extra-curricular activities.

The Editor Speaks

During the organized confusion of registration, I decided I had better revamp my editorial for this first issue of *Prometheus*. With the *Pieta* in New York, new teachers, new courses, and 205 new freshman faces, what I had to say seemed both stale and stiff.

The year ahead looks thoroughly, if not deceptively, inviting. The pot-pourri of textbooks and supplementary paperbacks, my pocketful of resolutions to study . . . , and the return to Woolman Hill (i. e. the preliminary student council conference) combined to stifle lingering qualms about French 201 and Dean Johansson's geology.

The THOG! has returned with inevitable tidbits of wisdom, notes on the New York World's Fair, and tales of the gargoyles of Europe. E. A. Hall & Co., Inc., the printer, is tearing his hair over *Prometheus'* typing errors, and Acting President Turner is puffing confidently on his pipe. All seems well.

Enthusiasm is at its peak. In order that this enthusiasm might not be inadvertently crushed, I have a few suggestions.

If something seems out of kilter, if there is something — anything — missing, or if you can't understand why something is being done, speak up, ask questions! Don't just stand there mumbling or complaining vehemently to a

friend. You'll get nowhere. Nail a student council member or a board head and start asking questions. Suggest an archery club, a philosophy seminar, a psychology field trip. All sorts of possibilities exist. Write a letter to *Prometheus*; Consult the THOG! (if you can catch it).

One caution — once you have identified a problem, don't leave the scene. Help solve it; follow it through until a solution is reached.

Studies — lest you forget, they are the reason for your presence at G.C.C. — require a sustained effort. You'll be working under a great deal of needless pressure if you let them pile up, and they *do* pile up. Also, you can be eliminated from certain extra-curricular activities because of low averages. (e. g. - - to be eligible for student council you must maintain a 2.35 grade-index).

Now that I have finished verbalizing highly questionable suggestions, let me ask whether you took time to read the books on the summer reading list? *Prometheus*, the THOG!, and coterie are interested in your exalted opinions of them. We would also like to find out whether anyone read *The Fallacy of Fall-Safe*. Would-be critics are invited to comment.

HAMPTON Beach In Retrospect

A student riot has been defined as a ritual staged to allow police authorities to release their pent-up aggressions. It is more than that — though perhaps it is becoming a student ritual at Hampton Beach.

The annual beach riot, however, is a part of a larger unrest. The rioting points not merely to a lack of social responsibility on the part of young Americans, but to a tragic flaw in modern society as a whole.

Gone are the days when junior goes off to college and comes back an ardent communist or a democratic reformer chock full of ideals. Junior now goes off to college and comes back a drug addict or an alcoholic or at least with severely lacerated moral standards or a complicated neurosis. Society provides him with an education inadequate to face his times. By concentrating on

the mass production of everything, including students, modern society has neglected to provide its youth with other than material goals and values. The only things which are real and undoubted are the bank book, the job, the automobile, the favorable impression of others. All else is shrouded in doubt, fear, and anxiety.

Anything which cannot be seen, heard, felt, smelled, or touched is permeated with doubt. The result is fear and, most important of all, anxiety on the part of the beholder. Man's physical (material) values are given him; his psychological values are discussed with great gusto, if confusedly; but his spiritual values are ignored.

Nietzsche said, "God is dead." But God has been merely lost. Mother Church has been replaced by Father State, and He is as unsatisfying as She used to be. Mother Church placed Her emphasis on the spiritual, Father State places His on the physical, oftentimes under the guise of confused and unscientific psychology. The error of both

was their one-sidedness, their not considering the whole of man.

The present day lack of attention to man's spiritual needs is fostering a revolution among youth in a way which reminds one of the revolutions of their adult ancestors against their physical impoverishment.

"Thoughtless" is what modern society calls its youth. But society creates its own prodigal youth. Society provides youth with their ideas, their morals, and their values. Modern youth has not thrown over the values of its fathers; their fathers have not been able to pass onto them values adequate to current conditions of life.

There is no excuse for the actions of the rioting youth at Hampton beach. All who went knew there was to be a riot, but so did intelligent adults. Before society flings the blame at its children and shrugs its shoulders in innocence it should look at itself and its own values. The tradition that is now being passed down from old to young is one void of spiritual values.

The essence of the tragedy is that the ruling generation was ill-prepared itself and is as confused as its progeny. This generation suffers from the same fear, anxiety, and doubt as the generation that preceded it. One runs back, the other riots. Man is faced with another crisis. Does he fear it or doesn't he give a damn about it?

Norman Hall

READ

WILLIAM FAULKNER:

As I Lay Dying

SOMERSET MAUGHAM:

Of Human Bondage

ALDOUS HUXLEY: *Brave New World*

MORTIMER J. ADLER:

How To Read A Book

HENRY JAMES: *The Ambassadors*

LAURENCE STERNE:

Tristram Shandy

D. W. BROGAN:

The American Character

ERIC HOFFER: *The True Believer*

DAPHNE du MAURIER: *Rebecca*

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER:

The Worldly Philosophers

JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN:

Black Like Me

J. D. SALINGER: *Franny and Zooey*

WILL DURANT:

The Story of Philosophy

CATHERINE MARSHALL:

A Man Called Peter

Changing Times

If the face behind the president's desk seems a bit changed, if the tobacco smoke infiltrating the office air makes you sneeze, and if your ear detects a southern drawl emanating from the inner sanctum, you're not having hallucinations. Former President Walter M. Taylor has retired, leaving his desk, secretaries, and President's Hour to the new Acting President, Lewis O. Turner.

Former G.C.C. President Walter M. Taylor has accepted a position at a community college sponsored by the Northfield Schools in the Virgin Islands. Prior to his retirement on Sept. 1, he spent two years organizing G.C.C. During this time he effectively combined administrative duties and community service. He worked diligently to make a place for G.C.C. in the area.

Replacing former Pres. Taylor is Dr. Lewis O. Turner, now the Acting President of the College. Pres. Turner, who was the director of the summer session and Dean of the college, has composedly collected his pipes and moved confidently into his new office and position. His first message in *Prometheus* appears on page 3.

Prudens quaestio dimidium scientiae — To know what to ask is already to know half.

Vibroscope

President Lewis O. Turner was spied licking an ice cream cone with apparent enjoyment at Mr. Ed's on the first day of registration.

One little lady tottered hurriedly up to the General Information desk (at registration) manned by student council members, and asked in which room voting was taking place. "Next building please, ma'am." Everyone makes mistakes.

The Chicken Barbecue was a boon to everyone's budget. We won't need to eat again until Hallowe'en and who wants to travel to Boston to hear the Beatles when the Beatles turn up in Gill? They really escaped the mobs this time. Repeat performance requested.

The THOG! has a suggestion for a site for G.C.C. — the air. Why not have the first space college built on a cushion of air? There is plenty of room for expansion 1500 feet up. Commute by helicopter.



Quoth The THOG!

A word to first-year students from the venerable THOG! Indulge in braggadocio if you wish to be ostracized or generally ignored. Study and you may earn an encomium. A jeremiad will get you nowhere if you neglect your homework and flunk the exam. Watch out for the jingo. There is *no* room for banality in Freshman Composition. Go through your classes in a comatose state and you will be cheating yourself. A plethora of social activities may be your downfall. Expect to be nonplussed this year. Don't maunder. Be not a miscreant, panderer, libertine, or charlatan. The point — MAKE IT A HABIT TO LOOK UP THE MEANINGS OF ALL UNFAMILIAR WORDS.

Council Notes

While discussing reasons for the existence of the student council, members came up with the following: The council should act as a go-between, and facilitate communication between the faculty, administration, and students; it should spark interest in student activities, provide determined leadership, set standards, recognize its responsibility to the students by representing them well, maintain positive attitudes, and be willing to grapple with problems. Dean Johansson added the idea that the council would be giving service without tangible reward.

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NURSES' TEA—

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Mrs. Ann Foth, Lois Gallagher, Jean Giard, Ellen Gusan, Margaret Hanks, Judy Hiersche, Mrs. Jean Marcotte, Patricia Meehan, Patricia Menard, Sandra Ouimet, Mrs. Virginia Rogers, Mrs. Joanne Scott, Carol Sears, Sandra Spencer, Mildred Tassinari, Linda Traceski, Mary Traywick, and Charlene York.

Nancy Cameron



President's Message

The 1964-65 school year promises to be an exciting and fruitful one. We will miss many friendly faces and cheerful greetings, but memories will not slowly fade. Yet we stand to gain as new personalities enrich our unending stream of adventure. An adventure it is, because a college is a community of students and scholars engaged in the total process of human growth. Together, we must "tease out the truth" to be found in man's fund of knowledge, expand our horizon to consider the entire universe, and release our creative spirit in a way that casts light to brighten our paths.

In some ways acquiring an education is like building a stone wall. Each stone, large and small, must be fitted into place, firm and secure, course by course. A wall is built, skills are developed, knowledge is understood, and ideals are embraced. Bit by bit the boy and girl become cultured adults, effective citizens in the greatest society mankind has known.

We are heirs to the blessings of the past and the rewards of the future — may our courage and convictions be adequate to our task.

Lewis O. Turner
Acting President

PROMETHEUS

Editor Marion Bliss

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David Buell Elaine Matuszek

Joyce Garbiel Charlotte McCobb

Jacquelyn Jenkin Pamela Metaxas

Robert King Nancy Reed

COUNCIL NOTES—

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Raymond Berry was unanimously elected to act as president of the council until fall elections.

Provisional first-year councilors attending were: Cynthia Carrington, Joyce Garbiel, Robert King, Carol Pasiecznik, George Rau, Robert Santoni, and Elizabeth Shovan.

Woolman Hill is a Quaker Center located in Deerfield. It is maintained for religious and educational conferences. During the past summer, work groups have been renovating a barn at the center. Mr. Brooks, our host at the center, told us that it would be used as quarters for young people training for a little *Peace Corps*-like operation under the auspices of the Quakers. He feels that the trainees of the future will be utilizing many educational facilities in the area.

Second-year students attending were: Gary Alden, Raymond Berry, Marion Bliss, Stanley Dobosz, David Kruger, William O'Neill, and Daniel LaRose.

President Lewis O. Turner attended along with the following faculty members: Mrs. Shirley Evans, Mr. David Harvey (council adviser), Dean Warren Johansson, and Mrs. Beth St. Clair. Rev. James Duncan arrived in the evening to lead a discussion on adjusting to the College Situation.

Raymond Berry was chosen chairman of the Chicken Barbecue. Daniel LaRose, Cynthia Carrington, Carol Pasiecznik, Joyce Garbiel, Bob King, and Bette Shovan made up his committee. Bill O'Neill was in charge of games, Stan Dobosz in charge of music, and Marion Bliss in charge of publicity.

The Road Taken

For many years Robert Frost knew that he was a poet. He was one of the few people who knew this. When his first poem was published, his grandfather was alarmed and ashamed. People said he could not make a living writing poetry. Frost knew better; today all America and half the world know better. Poet, philosopher, farmer, teacher, humorist, and classicist, Frost has become one of the outstanding figures of our time. He has become a neighbor to all mankind.



As the World Turns

Robert Frost has poems published in twenty-two languages, including Japanese and Estonian; in their American editions alone, they have sold a million copies. Frost was four times winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, a feat never achieved by any other poet.

Until his death, Frost was in demand everywhere as a speaker. His awards and honorary degrees were many. He was Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress and Honorary Consultant in Humanities to that Institution.

In 1950 the Senate of the United States did an unprecedented thing. It took time out from political activities to honor Frost on his seventy-fifth birthday. He spoke at John F. Kennedy's inauguration. The list goes on.

Why was and is Frost's poetry so popular? Perhaps because it is about things which we see around us every day. Perhaps because it is poetry on several levels — witty, sombre, riddling. Frost's poems are plain and yet complex. But these poems were not meant to be heavy reading. "Frost says, 'The way to take a poem, is not to kill it.'"

Frost had no patience with people who complained about earning a living. He once said that he knew a run-down

poet who had turned to writing jingles for an advertising firm. "The run-down poet said, 'You gotta live,' " Frost explained, "But that's not true. You can die, you know."

Robert Frost's personality came through in all of his opinions. His test of education was: "Does it develop and equip the ability to go it on your own?" He said, "The good teacher knows how to get more out of a student by surrounding him with an atmosphere of expectation, than by putting the screws on him."

Of death Frost said, "I may return if dissatisfied with what I learn from having died." Robert Frost doesn't have to worry about returning; through his poetry he is here to stay.

When Frost died, he left a space which will be difficult to fill. He left an emptiness in the field of literature, and in the world. The readers of his poems have always felt a close relationship with this great man, although most have never met him. That's what Robert Frost does to a person.

READ:

SIDNEY COX: *A Swinger of Birches*

LOUIS UNTERMEYER:

The Road Not Taken

ROBERT FROST: *Collected Poems*

ROBERT FROST: *In The Clearing*